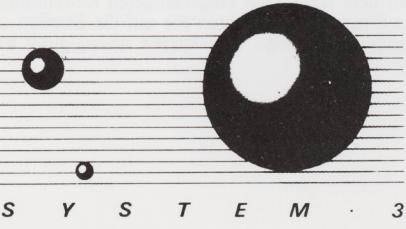


# TURBOCHARGE

## C64 INSTRUCTION MANUAL



ENGLISH • DEUTSCH • ITALIANO

the department. He smiled, he knew they would have no choice but to put him in control of "Operation Underdog". This was where he should be and where he wanted to be.

Immediate plans were made for him and his mission. His sports car received the newest kind of "service", as a variety of weapons were added to it as well as a "Turbo Charge" incorporated into the engine.

His mission across the hazardous countries, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Thailand, South Africa, etc, will give the Customs Officer plenty of time to weigh up the odds.

"Should he have stayed at his desk?"  
"Should he have followed his instincts on the train?"  
"Should he have read the floppy disks?"

These negative thoughts were brushed aside with chilling excitement.

"Millions would die in the event of war."

He was ready, his mission was plotted out before him and his objectives made very clear. This was, after all, what he wanted. Tense inside, his stomach told him how dangerous this would be, but his head told him:

"It's my job!!!"

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## PROBLEMS?

If you have problems, consult the user handbook that accompanied your computer or consult your software dealer for advice. In case of continued difficulty and if you have checked all your hardware for possible faults, may we suggest that you return the game to the place of purchase.

If you get stuck on a particular level and need some hints and tips, please contact System 3 at the telephone number listed below.

### Customer Enquiries/Technical Support

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## THE STORY

The day started and he felt just the same as all the rest he had dragged himself through working at the City of London V.A.T. office. Dull and drab, he seemed to be getting sucked deeper and deeper into his new found role tied to a desk, drinking coffee and prodding away carelessly at his overused typewriter. Gone were the exciting times as a Customs Officer. A victim of his own success, his promotion through the ranks had been swift and decisive. How he longed for the good old days. The days when being a young rookie surviving on his senses gave him a buzz as well as an unprecedented reputation amongst the arms dealers he thwarted, in the most hostile of conditions many years before.

He was coming into work on the London Tube just like any other day. Still not used to the formal dress of a collar and tie, he fumbled at the knot with some annoyance, trying to straighten it out and at least look the part of his new found promotion. This doesn't last long as he notices a suspicious looking person sitting opposite him clutching a briefcase close to his chest. His old talents have not deserted him as he races all the statistics through his head for old times sake. He looks at the strange man's height, weight, appearance, eyes, briefcase, sweaty palms and very nervous expression. Before long it becomes apparent that this dubious looking fellow passenger really doesn't fit his desired projected image as the Customs Officer churns thought after thought around in his mind. These thoughts soon turn to suspicions.

"I know that man", he thinks aloud; "I've seen him somewhere before." But where? What country was it? Who was he working for?

As the train pulls into the station, the strange person senses that there are more to the Customs Officers than just general eye contact made during every day public travel. He makes a bolt for the doors. Almost simultaneously, the Officer makes a desperate attempt to grab the man, but only succeeds in grabbing the briefcase with both hands. The tussle that followed bore little resemblance to what

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he was used to in the early days, and he seemed somewhat disappointed when the strange man, failing desperately in his attempt to keep his possession, finally let go of the case and fled down the busy platform. He was psyched up, heart pounding in annoyance that he couldn't get the man as well as his wares. However, his stomach felt good, inside he knew he hadn't lost it and was quietly proud of the way he had foiled some kind of impending transaction by acting on a gut impulse like he used to.

Hurriedly taking the case to his office for closer inspection, he couldn't stop thinking about that man and where he had seen him before and what the hell he was doing in this country.

He finally manages to force the case open to reveal his prize. Finding a set of unmarked floppy disks, he loads them into his trusty PC and goes about the task of unravelling their contents to extract the information housed on them. Something had scared the living daylights out of the case's carrier, and it wasn't long before he began to work out why. He spent hour after hour at his desk, scribbling notes and stopping occasionally to gasp in awe at the information that was being fed to him. This was amazing, and a phenomenal piece of luck that he himself had stumbled upon these floppy disks.

On and on the discs spilled out their sinister contents, the Customs Officer couldn't believe what he was seeing. This was all the details of "Operation Underdog". An operation that had long been rumoured to be in existence, and that was all the government knew. Until now that is.

"Operation Underdog" is headed by a bloodthirsty terrorist known only by his codename "Dominator". Dominator has located all the Western stockpiles of military arms in Third World countries friendly to the United Nations. These stockpiles consist of the latest advanced weapons and ammunition, and have been hidden in these countries for use by Western forces in the event of war breaking out with neighbouring hostile countries.

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The floppy discs also gave the names and locations of all the Dominator's "agents" within these Third World countries. Those agents who were waiting for the order to become active. Their orders were clear enough. They must take over the various arms stock piles with their terrorist armies and bring the advanced weaponry to the Dominator's headquarters in the respective host nations.

The Customs Officer wouldn't speak. He knew now that the orders had been given and the agents were about to take on their vile missions. The simple truth was frighteningly clear. If the Dominator succeeds, war would be imminent.

He rocks back on his chair, eyes glazed with horror as a strange numbness takes over his body. For a moment he can't even draw on the ever present cigarette that has stained his fingers. He looks to the ceiling with a vacant expression, through the swirling smoke patterns that hang above him just as ominously as the information he has just uncovered.

He now knew the man he grabbed the case from, a "middle man" who worked for arms dealers in Thailand, who had pleaded "Not Guilty" to a number of allegations put before him when the two had met in rather more unsavoury conditions.

Almost immediately his office, the newly varnished desk, the filing cabinets, all seemed a million miles away from where his gut told him he had to be. His various promotions and steps up the corporate ladder were all a direct result of his excellence at infiltrating arms deals and drug rings. Nobody had risen so high, so quickly within the government circles, and so, it would seem, nobody can be as qualified to stop the once only rumoured "Operation Underdog".

Reaching for his battered raincoat and umbrella, symbols of his boring new lifestyle, the Customs Officer was making tracks to see his superiors. A new found eagerness accompanied each step as he approached the door of the doddering old Government gents who ran

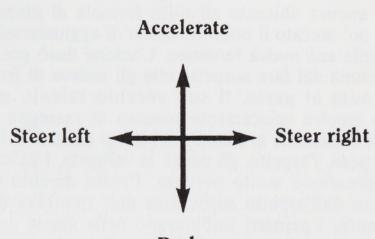
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## CONTROLS

### KEYBOARD

Run/Stop - pause/unpause  
Space Bar - Turbo thrust  
- note: Turbo lasts approximately 4 seconds  
Restore key - abort game???

### JOYSTICK



### WEAPONRY

Hand gun - Fire button  
Missiles - Hold fire button down until missile sight appears then release button to fire.

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## LOADING INSTRUCTIONS

### CARTRIDGE

NOTE: FOR COMMODORE C64 COMPUTER OWNERS, THE CARTRIDGE SLOT IS LOCATED AT THE REAR RIGHT SIDE OF THE MACHINE.

1. Turn on the TV or monitor.
2. Make sure the games system/computer is turned OFF (check the ON/OFF switch on the right side of the console). There must be nothing on the TV or monitor.
3. With the label of the games cartridge facing you, insert the cartridge into the slot on the top of the console. Make sure it is not crooked and fits snugly in the slot.
4. Turn the games system ON.

### CASSETTE AND DISK

Set up your computer system as detailed in your user manual. Ensure that all non essential peripherals - such as cartridges, printers, etc are disconnected. Failure to do so may cause loading difficulties.

If you are using your Commodore C64/128 with the CASSETTE version of Turbo Charge connect your data cassette player and switch your computer and TV/Monitor on. C128 owners should now select C64 mode by typing GO64, pressing Return, then Y, then Return again.

Insert the Turbo Charge cassette into the data cassette player, ensuring that it is fully rewound.

Hold down the Shift and Run/Stop keys on the computer together. Then press the Play key on the data cassette player. The game should then load.

Refer to the multi-load instructions section of this handbook.

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## GAMEPLAY TIPS

The game revolves around destroying as many vehicles as possible to score points, at the same time avoiding your enemy's gunfire, who are just as intent on destroying you. Use the "square shaped" GUNSIGHT above your car to line up and blast the opposition off the road. The small sight represent the unlimited HAND-GUN fire, whilst the larger sight (activated when fire button is HELD down) represents the more lethal MISSILE FIRE. Please note that there are only 5 MISSILES per level to be used, as shown in the status area. The TURBO CHARGE can be activated by pressing the SPACE BAR and lasts approximately 4 seconds. This can be very heavy on fuel, so keep your FUEL GAUGE continually topped up by running over the blue coloured PETROL CANS throughout the game. Don't be too hasty though, as other road objects may prove to be less rewarding if you run over them. Finally your DAMAGE METER will represent the amount of enemy fire you have absorbed, so keep your eyes on this and the relevant bullet holes which appear on your windscreen. It could prove fatal. Watch the roads and take the correct forks, one wrong turn could be lethal!!

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## DIE GESCHICHTE

Ein neuer Tag - und doch, wie jeder andere, ein sich endlos dahinziehender Tag in seinem Dasein als Steuerbeamter der Stadt London. Der graue Alltag schien ihm immer mehr zu lämmen; lustlos und ohne Engagement erfüllte er seine neuen Verwaltungsaufgaben - hinter seinem Schreibtisch über Kaffee und einer alten, klapprigen Schreibmaschine. Vorbei die aufregenden Zeiten als Zollbeamter. Er war ein Opfer seiner eigenen Karriere geworden, die ihn schnell bis ganz nach oben befördert hatte. Wie er sich doch nach den guten alten Zeiten sehnte, als er unter den schwierigsten Bedingungen arbeitete. Seinerzeit, als er blutiger Anfänger in seinem Beruf war und sich nur dank seiner Scharfsinnigkeit über Wasser halten konnte, war er von allen Waffenschmugglern, denen er einen Strich durch die Rechnung gemacht hatte, gehäuft und gefürchtet wie kein anderer.

Wie jeden Tag sitzt er in der Londener U-Bahn, auf dem Weg zur Arbeit. Noch immer nicht an den formellen Anzug mit Schlips und Kragen gewöhnt, versucht er ungeduldig, den Krawattenknoten in korrekte Form zu bringen, um wenigstens äußerlich seiner neuen Stellung gerecht zu werden. Nach kurzer Zeit jedoch nimmt er einen verdächtig aussiehenden Mann auf der Sitzbank gegenüber wahr, der verkrampft einen Aktenkoffer gegen seine Brust preßt. Sein Instinkt als Zollbeamter wird wieder wach, und Punkt für Punkte hakt er die vertraute Prozedere in seinem Kopf ab. Er untersucht Größe, Gewicht, besondere Kennzeichen, Augenfarbe und -form und registriert den Aktenkoffer, die feuchten Handflächen sowie den äußerst unruhigen Ausdruck des fremden Mannes. Bald schon wird ihm klar, daß irgend etwas mit diesem suspekten Passagier nicht stimmen wollte, und seine Vermutung wird schnell zu einer Verdächtigung.

"Ich kenne diesen Mann", entfährt es ihm laut. "Er ist mir bereits begegnet."

Doch wo? In welchem Land? Für wen arbeitete er?

Als der Zug in die U-Bahn-Station einläuft, bemerkt der fremde

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"War es richtig, daß er die Floppy-Disketten gelesen hatte?"  
Er verwarf seine Zweifel jedoch schnell angesichts dieser äußersten Herausforderung.

"Millionen würden sterben, käme es zu einem Krieg."

Er war bereit, die Pläne für seine Mission lagen vor ihm, und die Ziele seines Auftrags waren eindeutig. Dies war genau das, was er wollte. Er spürte seine Anspannung und wußte, wie gefährlich diese Mission sein würde, sein Verstand jedoch hielt dagegen:

"Es ist meine Bestimmung!!!"

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## LADEANLEITUNGEN

### CARTRIDGE-LADEANLEITUNGEN

HINWEIS: AUF COMMODORE C64 COMPUTERN BEFINDET SICH DER CARTRIDGE-SCHLITZ RECHTS HINTEN AM RECHNER.

Laden des Spiels

1. Fernseher oder Monitor einschalten.
2. Sicherstellen, daß das Games-System/der Computer ausgeschaltet ist (ON/OFF-Schalter an der rechten Seite der Konsole überprüfen).
3. Cartridge mit dem Etikett nach oben in den Schlitz oben an der Konsole einschieben. Darauf achten, daß die Kassette nicht verbogen ist und leichtgängig in den Schlitz paßt.
4. Games-System einschalten.

### KASSETTEN- UND DISKETTEN-LADEANLEITUNGEN

Computer gemäß der Beschreibung im Handbuch einrichten. Alle überflüssigen Zusatzgeräte wie Cartridges, Drucker, usw. vom System TRENnen. Wenn dies nicht getan wird, können beim Laden Schwierigkeiten auftreten.

Bei Verwendung der KASSETTENVERSION von Turbo Charge auf einem C64/128:

Kassettenrekorder anschließen und Computer und TV/Monitor einschalten. C128-Besitzer schalten auf C64-Modus um: **GO64** eingegeben, dann RETURN drücken, danach Y eingeben und nochmals RETURN drücken.

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nehmen, und der Zollbeamte traute seinen Augen nicht. Er hatte alle Einzelheiten der "Operation Underdog" vor sich liegen. Gerüchte über die Existenz eines solchen Unternehmens bestanden schon seit einiger Zeit, doch war dies bereits alles, was die Regierung dazu wußte und weiß.

"Operation Underdog" wird von einem blutrünstigen Terroristen, den man nur unter seinem Pseudonym "Dominator" kennt, angeführt. Dominator war über sämtliche, in den UNO-freundlichen Ländern der Dritten Welt stationierte, westliche Militär-Waffenlager informiert. Diese Waffenlager enthalten das fortschrittlichste Waffen- und Munitionsarsenal und sind in diesen Ländern für den Fall eines ausbrechenden Krieges der Westmächte gegen die benachbarten, feind gesinteten Ländern stationiert.

Die Floppy-Disketten enthüllten außerdem die Namen und Standorte aller, in diesen Ländern der Dritten Welt abgestellten, Agenten Dominators. Es handelte sich hier um die auf einen Einsatzbefehl wartenden Agenten. Ihre Anweisungen waren unmöglich verständlich: Sie sollten die einzelnen Waffenlager mit ihren Terroristenheeren besetzen und dann diese hochtechnisierten Waffen zum Hauptquartier des Dominators in den betreffenden Ländern transportieren.

Der Zollbeamte war entschlossen, sein Wissen für sich zu behalten. Er wußte, daß die Befehle erteilt und die Agenten bereits dabei waren, ihre folgenschwere Mission auszuführen. Es war erschreckend klar, was dies bedeutete. Sollte der Dominator erfolgreich sein, hieße dies Krieg.

Er lehnte sich, von Entsetzen gepackt, zurück in seinen Stuhl, und eine seltsame Benommenheit überwältigte seinen Körper. Für einen Augenblick war er sogar unfähig, nach einer seiner obligatorischen Zigaretten zu greifen, die seine Finger gelb gefärbt hatten. Er starnte mit leerem Blick auf die Decke, durch die Rauchwölkchen hindurch, die wie die soeben offenbare Nachricht wie ein unheilverkündender Schleier über ihm hingen.

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Turbo Charge-Kassette in den Kassettenrekorder einlegen und sicherstellen, daß das Band vollständig zurückgespult ist.

SHIFT-Taste festhalten und gleichzeitig RUN/STOP drücken. Jetzt die PLAY-Taste des Kassettenrekorders betätigen, worauf das Spiel laden sollte.

Die Beschreibung zum Multi-Ladeverfahren in diesem Handbuch lesen.

Bei Verwendung der DISKETTENVERSION von Turbo Charge auf einem C64/128:

Diskettenlaufwerk an den Computer anschließen, dieses, den Computer und den Fernseher/Monitor einschalten. C128-Besitzer schalten auf C64-Modus um: GO64 eingeben, dann RETURN drücken, danach Y eingeben und nochmals RETURN drücken.

Turbo Charge-Diskette mit dem Etikett nach oben in das Laufwerk legen. LOAD\*\*\*,8,1 eingeben und RETURN drücken, worauf das Spiel laden sollte.

#### MULTI-LADEVERFAHREN

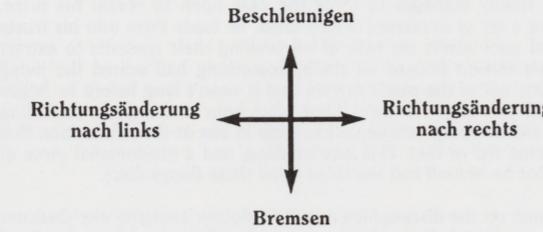
Turbo Charge ist ein Multi-Lade-Spiel, was heißt, daß jede Ebene jeweils nach Abschluß der vorherigen geladen wird. Aus diesem Grund müssen Sie, wenn Sie während des Spiels nicht unterbrochen werden wollen, die Turbo Charge-Kassette während des ganzen Spiels im Rekorder bzw. die Turbo Charge-Diskette im Laufwerk lassen. Nach Abschluß jeder Ebene erscheinen Bildschirmanweisungen, denen Sie Folge leisten müssen.

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#### STEUERFUNKTIONEN

- TASTENSTEUERFUNKTIONEN**
- |               |   |
|---------------|---|
| Run/Stop      | - Unterbrechen/Weiterspielen                          |
| Leertaste     | - Turbostop<br>Turboaufladung hält etwa 4 Sekunden an |
| Rücksetztaste | Beenden des Spiels                                    |

#### STEUERFUNKTIONEN DES JOYSTICKS



#### WAFFENSTEUERFUNKTIONEN

- |        |   |
|--------|---|
| Gewehr | - Feuerknopf  |
| Rakete | - Feuerknopf festhalten, bis das Raketen-Visier erscheint, dann zum Abschuß Feuerknopf freigeben. |

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#### PROBLEME?

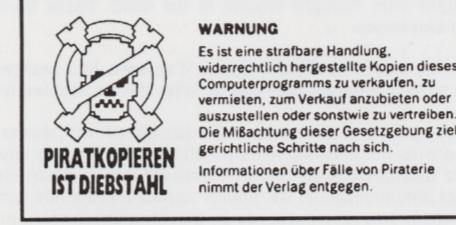
Sollten Probleme auftreten, konsultieren Sie bitte das Begleithandbuch zu Ihrem Computer oder wenden sich an Ihren Softwarehändler. Wenn Sie alles - auch Ihre Hardware - auf Fehler untersucht haben und die Probleme weiter anhalten, dann rufen wir Ihnen das Spiel in das Geschäft zurückzubringen, wo Sie es gekauft haben.

Falls Sie auf irgendeiner Spieloberfläche steckenbleiben und einige Hinweise und Tipps benötigen, kontaktieren Sie System 3 unter der nachstehend aufgeführten Telefonnummer.

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#### LA STORIA

La giornata era iniziata e sembrava come tutte le altre al lavoro all'ufficio imposte di Londra. Depresso e annoiato, egli sembrava sempre più assortito dalla sua nuova funzione, legato ad una scrivania, bevendo caffè e battendo noncurante i tasti della sua vecchia macchina da scrivere. Ormai erano passati i bei tempi quando era funzionario doganale. Vittima del proprio successo, era avanzato di grado in modo veloce e decisivo. Come desiderava quei bei tempi lontani! I tempi in cui essere una giovane recluta che viveva delle proprie capacità gli dava un leggero stato di euforia oltre che ad una fama senza precedenti tra i trafficanti di armi che aveva ostacolato nei modi più ostili molti anni prima.

Andava a lavorare con la metropolitana di Londra come ogni giorno. Non ancora abituato all'abito formale di giacca e cravatta, arrembgiò un po' seccato il nodo cercando di aggiustarselo per entrare nella parte della sua nuova funzione. L'azione durò poco perché egli notò una persona dal fare sospetto che gli sedeva di fronte, con una valigetta tenuta al petto. Il suo vecchio talento non lo aveva abbandonato mentre velocemente passava in rassegna nella propria mente tutte le statistiche in ricordo dei tempi passati. Guardò l'altezza dell'uomo, il peso, l'aspetto, gli occhi, la valigetta, i palmi sudati della mano e l'espressione molto nervosa. Presto diventò evidente che quell'individuo dall'aspetto sospetto non rientrava nell'immagine proiettata mentre i pensieri turbinavano nella mente del funzionario di dogana. Questi pensieri si trasformarono in veri e propri sospetti.

"Conosco quel'uomo.", disse ad alta voce. "L'ho già visto da qualche parte." Ma dove? In quale paese? Per chi stava lavorando?

Mentre il treno entrava nella stazione, l'estrangeo avvertì che c'era qualcosa di più negli sguardi del funzionario doganale di un semplice contatto visivo durante una giornata di lavoro pubblico. Se la dette a gambe. Quasi simultaneamente il funzionario fece un tentativo disperato di afferrare l'uomo, ma riuscì solo ad afferrare la valigetta con entrambe le mani. La rissa che seguì somigliava poco a quello a cui era abituato ai vecchi tempi e sembrava un po' deluso quando lo

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sconosciuto, non riuscendo nel suo tentativo disperato di tenerli i suoi averi, lasciò andare la valigetta e fuggì nel marciapiede affollato. Era concentrato, con il cuore che batteva forte, e quindi era seccato di non avere preso l'uomo oltre ai suoi averi. Comunque si sentiva bene, dentro di sé sapeva che non l'aveva perso ed era fiero del modo in cui aveva sventato un qualche affare incerto agendo con impulso coraggioso come avrebbe fatto nel passato.

Portando in fretta la valigetta al suo ufficio per un esame più profondo non riusciva a non pensare a quell'uomo e a dove l'avesse già visto e che diavolo stesse facendo in questo paese.

Riuscì eventualmente a forzare la valigetta per aprirla per vedere il suo premio. Avendo trovato una serie di floppy disk non segnati, li caricò nel suo PC di fiducia e si mise a districare il loro contenuto per estrarre le informazioni in essi registrate. Qualcosa aveva spaventato a morte il trasportatore della valigetta e non passò molto tempo prima che scoprissse il perché. Passò ore alla scrivania scribacchiando appunti e fermosi di tanto in tanto e rimanendo senza fiato nella paura delle informazioni che gli venivano date. Erano sorprendenti ed era stato incredibilmente fortunato a imbattersi in quei floppy disk.

I dischetti svelarono il loro contenuto funesto; il funzionario doganale non riusciva a credere a quel che stava vedendo. Erano tutte le informazioni dell'"Operazione Underdog". Un'operazione della cui esistenza correva da tempo voce ed era tutto quello che il governo sapeva. Fino ad allora, almeno.

L'"Operazione Underdog" era capeggiata da un terrorista sanguinario conosciuto solo con il suo nome in codice "Dominator". Dominator aveva posto tutte le riserve occidentali di armi militari nei paesi del Terzo Mondo in buoni rapporti con le Nazioni Unite. Queste riserve consistevano nelle armi e munizioni più avanzate ed erano state nascoste in questi paesi perché le forze occidentali ne facessero uso in caso di guerra con i paesi nemici vicini.

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I floppy disk davano anche i nomi e le posizioni di tutti gli "agenti" del Dominator nei paesi del Terzo Mondo. Quegli agenti aspettavano che gli ordini diventassero attivi. I loro ordini erano chiari. Dovevano impossessarsi delle varie riserve di armi con gli eserciti terroristi e portare l'armamento moderno al quartiere generale del Dominator nelle rispettive nazioni ostili.

Il funzionario doganale non avrebbe parlato. Ora sapeva che gli ordini erano stati dati e che gli agenti erano intenti ad andare in missione. La semplice verità era terribilmente chiara. Se il Dominator fosse riuscito nel suo intento, la guerra sarebbe stata imminente.

Si dondolava sulla sedia, con gli occhi fissi pieni di orrore mentre un intorpidimento gli prende tutto il corpo. Per un attimo non lo attirava neanche la sigaretta che era sempre accesa e che gli aveva macchiato le dita. Guardava il soffitto con un'espressione assente attraverso gli anelli di fumo che gli stavano sopra la testa minacciosi come le informazioni che aveva appena svelato.

Adesso conosceva l'uomo a cui aveva afferrato la valigia, un "intermediario" che lavorava per trafficanti di armi in Tailandia, che si era dichiarato innocente nelle varie accuse che gli erano state mosse quando i due si erano incontrati in situazioni più spiacerevoli.

Quasi subito il suo ufficio, la scrivania verniciata da poco, gli armadietti degli schedari, tutto sembrava lontanissimo da dove il suo coraggio gli suggeriva. Le sue varie promozioni e i gradini su per la scalata sociale erano tutto il risultato diretto della sua eccellente capacità di infiltrarsi in traffici di armi e di droga. Nessuno era salito così in alto, così velocemente negli ambienti del governo e quindi sembrava che nessuno poteva essere così qualificato per porre fine alla una volta sola vociferata "Operazione Underdog".

Raggiungendo il suo impermeabile logoro e l'ombrello, simboli del suo noioso nuovo stile di vita, il funzionario doganale si dirigeva rapidamente dai suoi superiori. Un nuovo desiderio ritrovato

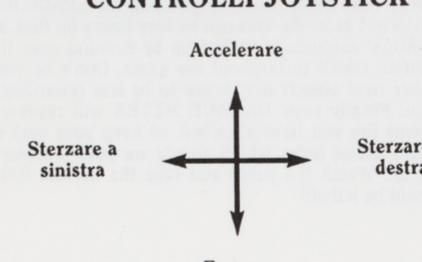
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#### CONTROLLI

##### CONTROLLI DA TASTIERA

- |                   |  |
|-------------------|--|
| Run/Stop          | - pausa/ ripresa   |
| Barra spaziatrice | - forza turbo<br>- nota: il turbo dura approssimativamente 4 secondi |
| Tasto Restore     | - abbandonare il gioco   |

##### CONTROLLI JOYSTICK



##### CONTROLLI DELLE ARMI

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| Arma a mano | - pulsante del fuoco   |
| Missili     | - tenere premuto il pulsante del fuoco fino a che non appare il missile, poi lasciare il pulsante per far fuoco. |

#### PROBLEMI?

Se avete dei problemi consultate la guida allegata al vostro computer o il vostro rivenditore software per un consiglio. Se le difficoltà persistono anche dopo aver controllato la presenza di possibili guasti nel software, vi consigliamo di spedire il gioco al vostro punto vendita.

Se non riuscite a progredire in un particolare livello ed avete bisogno di qualche suggerimento o aiuto, contattate la System 3 al seguente numero:

Servizio clienti/Assistenza tecnica

Tel: (081) 864 8212

System 3 Software Ltd  
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Are you planning to change your computer in the next 12 months  YES  NO

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(please specify) \_\_\_\_\_

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 3½"  5¼"

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Any reasons why? \_\_\_\_\_

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